

Bridge over troubled water

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by [Drhair76](#)

Summary

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Tears well up inside of him, like a wave rushing through his chest. He manages to nod and whisper, "yes. Sorry."

"No, kid, no," Techno steps forward. "No apologies. You feel the way you have to feel. Just – come here. Let me hug you. Can I?"

or, this is a safe fic. I promise.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Dear Phil,

This is your fifth letter at this point, so I'm sure you know what I'm about to say because I say it every year. But we never break tradition and we never will, so here it comes. You are the greatest coach I have ever known and the greatest man that I'm sure that I will ever know. I already rue the day that you decide to retire because not only will the hockey world lose a great mind, but I will lose a great heart. But enough of all that sappy stuff – I want to talk about how this year you showed up to the Christmas party wearing a hat that looked like a tree. Never do that again. You are so embarrassing, I swear. Why did that hat light up? Why was it so tall? Where did you even find that? Since you've made the grand mistake of giving me a key to your house, I will come over and find that monstrosity and burn it.

Next Christmas if you still have that hat, then I will have failed. But for now, this is my next mission. And you're the person who's taught me that I never lose until I stop fighting.

I will DESTROY that Christmas tree hat, coach, and any other after that. That is a promise.

– Technoblade.

Phil smiles, carefully folding the letter back into the envelope where it came from. He's about to pull out the next, when a knock comes at his closed office door.

A head pokes in.

"Phil," Techno says. He sounds stressed. "If you don't get down here quick, they're going to start a scrimmage in your kitchen." Then he pauses, clearly seeing the stack of letters on Phil's desk. He steps further into the room, eyes widening a little. "What's going on?"

Phil's cheeks flush, but he refuses to feel embarrassed. "It's Christmas," he says in lieu of an explanation.

Techno frowns a little.

"I re-read all your letters on Christmas," he says. "Before the newest one."

Techno, too, turns pink, but he smiles and steps over, taking the one Phil just stopped reading from his hands. He casts his gaze over the words for a second before his eyes squint and crinkle at the corners.

"I did get rid of those hats, didn't I?" He grins, cheeky. Phil stands, too affectionate to even try teasing back.

"I suppose, here I am: hatless."

"Hey, you look better that way," Techno says. Phil takes the letter, folds it again, and slides it back into its designated folder. "Didn't I say I would always look out for you?"

Phil chuckles. A beat of silence descends. "Happy Christmas, Techno. Thank you for looking out for me."

Techno smiles, lopsided. "I'm never gonna stop. Not ever. Well – unless you make me go back down there alone. Sapnap is using your coasters at pucks. I think George is gonna put his coat on and go home if they don't stop annoying him."

Phil laughs loudly, tossing his head back. "Alright, alright, here I come."

Phil follows Techno down the stairs to the warmth of the team.

Pokimane doesn't often leave her team on their own, but now, she sits on the side as they all play on the ice.

It's a mess; a loud, happy mess. Minx is chasing Schlatt, and Sapnap has Tina on his shoulders, and Poki is pretty sure that Lizzie and Wilbur are trying to make *shapes* in the ice under their feet. It's wonderful. It's magical.

So why can't Poki suck it up and enjoy it?

"You're upset," Techno says, all of a sudden next to her, taking the empty spot on the bench.

"I'm – I've been worse," she says. There's no use lying to the man.

"But you still aren't *good*."

She sighs. "Yeah."

There's a quiet pause. His eyes are on her, waiting. Patient. He's willing to listen if she's willing to talk. Poki, uncharacteristically, feels the urge to spill everything. What is it about Techno that makes everything suddenly seem so safe?

"I don't know if I'm cut out for this," she says haltingly. When his head tilts, she elaborates. "Captain. I've never – I've never felt completely sure. I mean, I look at you, and how... *perfect* you seem to have it and I feel...lost. I can't see myself ever being as okay as you are."

"I see," he says. He looks away – out onto the ice where Wilbur and Lizzie are holding hands, spinning in a circle. "Well, if it helps. I hardly ever know what I'm doing."

"What?" She blinks, laughing a little, startled at the admission.

Techno smiles slightly. "It's true, don't *laugh*. I have this running theory that no one ever knows what's going on. That we're all just winging it. And everyday I get proven right. There's just no way to be completely sure when life is so unpredictable. I mean, just the other day, Quackity broke his hockey stick clean in half. If I told you I woke up that morning ready to deal with it, I'd be lying."

Poki laughs. She, undoubtedly, feels better hearing that.

"Listen, Poki," Techno says. He puts a hand on her shoulder. "We may not know what we're doing, but from one captain to the other, I think we're doing perfectly fine. And we'll continue being fine."

We're doing perfectly fine. And we'll continue being fine.

Poki inhales, then exhales, then smiles tearily. She needed to hear that. "Thank you, Techno."

"No problem." He folds his hands again. "Besides, I'm talking to someone who scores back to back when I'm in goal – are you sure *you* aren't the one who knows the secret to the universe?"

She snorts, then slugs him in the shoulder. "Hush you." A shriek sounds on the ice. Ah, Minx finally caught Schlatt. "Oh. Should we –"

"Nope," Techno grins. "Let him learn. We deserve this one."

"Ranboo, you've got to stop pacing," Tubbo complains. "You're stressing me out."

"I feel like," Ranboo starts, still pacing because he's a dick, "I feel like we aren't supposed to be here. Like – we're trespassing."

Tubbo stares. "Ranboo, you dumb fuck, we are *Olympians* at the *Olympics*. If we're trespassing here, then what? Do you think we belong on the moon?"

Ranboo heaves a sigh. He paces a little bit more, and because Tubbo isn't a massive dick, he just waits it out. Ranboo turns two more little circles before stopping. He takes a big breath.

"Okay," he says, jaw set like he's facing down a snow drop. "I'm ready."

Tubbo knocks on the door.

On the other side, there's some shuffling, some muffled talking, and then the door is opening and Technoblade, dressed in a SMP hoodie and pajama pants, is blinking at them.

"Hello?" He says, bleary-eyed. Slowly, his vision focuses and his expression sharpens when he sees the two of them. "Tubbo? Ranboo? What are you guys—" he stops. "Tommy. Is Tommy okay? Is he—"

"Tommy's okay," Tubbo says before the man can truly start panicking. "He's asleep. He's okay."

Techno *visibly* relaxes. "Okay. Alright. Good then. Good." He frowns a little. "Then what's going on? Uh, are you two alright? Ranboo, why do you look like you're about to throw up?"

Tubbo glances over at his friend. Techno is *right*. Ranboo does *not* seem okay. But that's to be expected. Whenever Ranboo has big emotions like this, he always starts feeling sick. Tubbo guesses that it won't be long until he –

"Thank you," Ranboo blurts. Then his mouth clicks shut. Tubbo sighs. Fond, but definitely exasperated.

"Thank you?" Techno blinks. He looks over at Tubbo. "Did you steal money from my wallet when I wasn't looking, kid?"

"No," Tubbo scoffs. He makes a mental note to put back the twenty that he *borrowed*. "No, nothing like that."

"Okay...then what're you saying thank you for?"

"Tommy." Tubbo says. Ranboo jitters a little, hands shaking out. "I'm saying thank you for him."

Techno's brows furrow, then smooth over. "You guys don't have to –"

"No," Tubbo says. "We do."

"Thank you," Ranboo says, shoulders bunching, eyes watering. "Thank you for saving him."

Techno looks like he's about to deny the fact that he did, he looks like he's about to deny the fact that he had any hand at all in keeping their best friend safe, but then he closes his mouth. He sighs a little, then smiles. "Do you two need a hug?"

Immediately, Ranboo nods, and presses close to Techno's side. A wave passes over Tubbo at the sight of them – at the empty space waiting for him. This was the space that Techno offered Tommy, and apparently, Techno's generosity doesn't end there. It stretches on, forever, taking in them too.

Carefully, Tubbo steps closer, and exhales when Techno curls a strong arm around him.

"Thank you," he rumbles gently, "for being here. For staying for him. You two saved him too. Never forget that."

Tommy knows now, he's got an endless number of people.

He didn't before. He doesn't like to talk or think about before, especially not when he's *here*, but some days it's harder than others. Some days, he can't do anything *but* think about it, and it makes him want to hide himself away.

When he wakes up feeling like this though, he knows that he can't keep to himself. He needs to find someone– any one of the many people that he has – to take care of him. So he gets up, rolls out of Techno's guest bed, and slinks down the steps to where the man is standing in the kitchen, casually mixing pancake batter.

He doesn't hear Tommy coming, but he turns, and nearly jumps. "Oh – hell, Tommy. I didn't know you were awake." He takes a breath. "You want to help with breakfast? Wil should be here soon."

But Tommy doesn't nod like he would normally. He just shrinks a bit, quiet, and Techno makes a realization.

"Oh." He says. "Bad day, kid?"

Tears well up inside of him, like a wave rushing through his chest. He manages to nod and whisper, "yes. Sorry."

"No, kid, no," Techno steps forward. "No apologies. You feel the way you have to feel. Just – come here. Let me hug you. Can I?"

"Please," Tommy snuffles. Techno hurries to wrap him up. But even when he's hurrying, he's still careful and diligent about it. He pulls Tommy close, gets his palms against Tommy's back, nudges him until Tommy's face is pressed against his collar. Tommy, when Techno stops moving, burrows in closer, letting his sobs be muffled by Techno's presence.

"I'm here, Tommy," he says. "I'm here. And I'm not moving, alright? You tell me when you need me to stop. I'll hold you all day if that's what you want."

"The food," Tommy gasps, despite himself, "Wilbur."

Without extra explanation, Techno knows what he means. "That food isn't something I can't remake. And you know Wilbur has a key. He'd get upset with me if he heard that I let you go even for a second."

Tommy can't even deny that – Wilbur's proven it enough. Day after day. *The most important thing is you. Take care of that first – everything else can be secondary. You need to allow everything else to be secondary.*

"Okay," Tommy says, before pressing his face into Techno's neck, letting the warmth swallow him whole.

Wilbur practically purrs when Techno runs an absent hand through his hair.

He's been laying here, doing nothing for about a half an hour now – just letting the atmosphere take care of him. Just letting *Techno* take care of him. As he always does. It's so casual too, so nonchalant, the man isn't even thinking of it as he reads a book with one hand and soothes him with the other. Wilbur, with his head in the man's lap, melts further and further every second.

He wouldn't have this with Hypixal. Nothing would ever be this safe and calm. Wilbur knows for a fact he can chalk this up to Technoblade himself. His promise settled deep into Wilbur's bones and mended something torn in him. And everyday, it mends more.

"Alright there, Wil?" Techno rumbles, probably noticing Wilbur's breathing shift. Wilbur inches closer, pushing his head up into the man's stilled hand. The other hand drops the book without question, and suddenly, Techno has two hands carding through his curls.

Wilbur shudders.

Thank you , he thinks on repeat, like a pulse hammering away in his throat. *Thank you, thank you, thank you* .

He's certain that Technoblade doesn't understand the magnitude of all that he's done for Wilbur, and even with all the years he's been on SMP, he won't know, but it doesn't stop Wilbur from thinking it at every turn.

But, he knows Techno, and he knows that the greatest gift he can give to show his gratitude is to tell him that he's okay.

"I'm alright," Wilbur says. Techno squints down at him. "I promise, I'm alright. Don't worry about me."

"Hm," Techno hums, then picks up the book again. He keeps soothing with his other hand, and Wilbur, knowing he'll feel this gratitude forever, thinks, *thank you, thank you, thank you*.

End Notes

bridge over troubled water by Linda Eder:

https://open.spotify.com/track/0TtLw8oP3YwBT6wboy5JZB?si=9_c2mtNURY-qdDvL51JpkQ&utm_source=copy-link

be kind to each other <3

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